









TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, CARMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND!"  
 Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN!"  
 Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH."  
 Cabman. "WELL! WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT TRIFLES!"



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS SO FORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A LARGE KEL.



A LATE ARRIVAL.

Page. "FANCY BALL, SIR! NO, SIR! MISSUS'S FANCY BALL, SIR, WERE LAST TOGSDAY, SIR."



DOMESTIC BLISS.

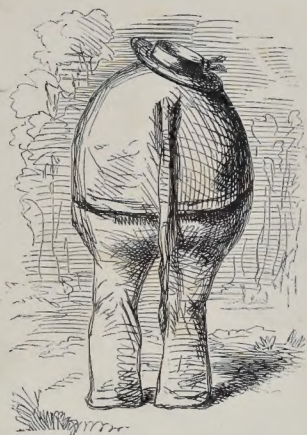
Mistress. "WELL, I'M SURE; AND PRAY WHO IS THAT?"  
 Cook. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE 'M, IT'S ONLY MY COUSIN WHO HAS CALLED JUST TO SHOW ME HOW TO BOIL A POTATO."



THE NEW HUNTER.

"WELL, CHARLEY! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW PONY?"  
 "OH! PRETTY WELL, THANK YOU, UNCLE; ONLY I'M AFRAID HE'S HARDLY UP TO MY WEIGHT, AND HE RUSHES SO AT HIS FENCES."





BACK VIEW OF THE ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MR. BRIGGS.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER (ASSISTED BY HIS LITTLE BOY WALTER), HE CATCHES A JACK, WHICH, TO USE MR. B.'S OWN WORDS, "FLIES AT HIM, AND BARKS LIKE A DOG."



DOMESTIC BLISS.—TIME, HALF-PAST THREE; THERMOMETER 30°.

William, "WHAT A VIOLENT RINGING THERE IS AT THE STREET-DOOR BELL!"  
Maria, "OH! I KNOW WHAT IT IS, DEAR. IT'S THE SWEEPS; AND I HARE SAY THE GIRLS DON'T HEAR. JUST RUN UP AND KNOCK AT THEIR ROOM DOOR."



A DUMB WAITER.

Old Gentleman, "WHAT THE DRUCE IS THE REASON, SIR, YOU DON'T ANSWER WHEN YOU ARE CALLED!"  
(The reason is obvious. The poor child has his mouth full of green peas and jam tart.)



THAMES FISHING.

Fisherman (to Old Gentleman), "THEY'RE A' DUTIN' AWAY OVER 'ERE, SIR! JUST STEP ACROSS THAT THERE BIT O' WOOD, SIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A CAPITAL FISH, SIR!"  
Old Gentleman, "ACROSS THAT BIT OF WOOD! DOES THE MAN THINK I'M A ROPE-DANCER!"



VERY FINE TALKING!

"NOW THEN, SIR, JUMP UP ON THE ROOF, AND LOOK SHARE, PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S T'OTHER HUS A-COMING."





MURDER WILL OUT.

*Mrs. Smith.* "IS MRS. BROWN IN?"  
*Jane.* "NO, MAM, SHE'S NOT AT HOME."  
*Little Girl.* "OH! WHAT A HORRID STORY, JANE! MAM'S  
 IN THE KITCHEN, HELPING COOK!"



MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE  
 "GENTLE ART" OF FLY FISHING.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Paterfamilias.* "I CANNOT CONCEIVE, MY LOVE, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MY WATCH;  
 I THINK IT MUST WANT CLEANING."  
*Pet Child.* "OH, NO! PAPA DEAR! I DON'T THINK IT WANTS CLEANING, BECAUSE BABY  
 AND I HAD IT WASHING IN THE BASIN FOR EVER SO LONG THIS MORNING!"

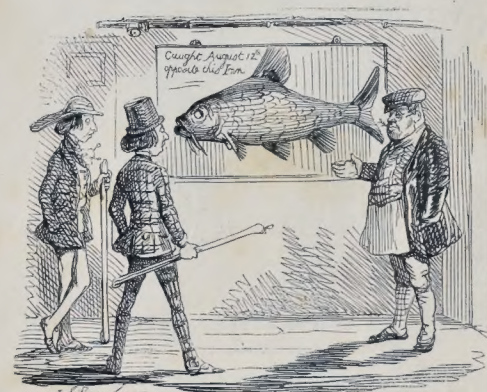


DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

*Funky.* "APOLLO! HAH! I DESAY IT'S VERRY CHEAP, BUT IT AIN'T  
 MY IDEER OF A GOOD FIGGER!"



MR. D. GOES OUT. HIS CHIEF DIFFICULTY IS, THAT EVERY TIME HE THROWS HIS LINE—THE HOOKS (OF WHICH THERE ARE FIVE) WILL  
 STICK BEHIND IN HIS JACKET AND TROUSERS.



ANGLERS HEAR STRANGE THINGS.

*Piscator.* "ARE THERE ANY BARREL ABOUT HERE, GOT'NOR?"  
*Host.* "ANY BARREL ABOUT HERE!! I SHOULD RATHER THINK THERE WAS A FEW.  
 HERE'S THE PICTUR O' WEN MY LITTLE BOY KETCHED JUST HOPPOSIT."



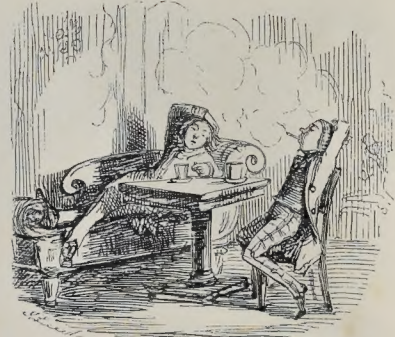


THE INTERESTING STORY.

*First Ticket Porter.* "AND SO, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT."  
*Second Ticket Porter.* "WELL! I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS."



MR. BRIGGS THINKS OF RUNNING DOWN THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW TO HIS FRIEND HAYCOCK FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING, AND HAS BORROWED A DOG TO GO WITH HIM. FOR THE NINTH TIME DURING THE NIGHT HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY THE HOWLING OF THE ANIMAL.



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Clever Juvenile (boy)* "SHAKSPEARE! POOR! FOR MY PART I CONSIDER SHAKSPEARE A MUCH OVER-RATED MAN."



THE BANDS OF HOPE;

OR, THE CHILDISH TENTOTAL MOVEMENT.

*Grandpapa.* "BUT FOR SEVENTY YEARS, MY CHILD, I HAVE FOUND THAT THE MODERATE USE OF THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE HAS DONE ME GOOD."

*Young Hopeful Tentotaller.* "ALL A MISTAKE, GRANDPA! TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS THE THING. LOOK AT ME! I'VE NOT TASTED WINE OR BEER FOR YEARS!"



MR. BRIGGS NO LONGER RETURNS TO HIS BED, THAN MRS. BRIGGS SAYS, "MY DEAR! THERE'S THAT NASTY, THRESHOME DOG AGAIN!!"



SOMETHING LIKE A BROTHER.

*Flora.* "THAT'S A VERY PRETTY WAISTCOAT, EMILY!"  
*Emily.* "YES, DEAR. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CHARLES. WHEN HE GOES OUT OF TOWN HE PUTS ME ON THE FREE LIST, AS HE CALLS IT, OF HIS WARDROBE. ISN'T IT KIND!"





A DREADFUL SHOCK TO THE NERVES.

"PLEASE, MEN, LET'S COME UNDER YOUR LUXURIELLER."



PROFESSOR BUCKWHEAT EDUCING THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



ADVICE GRATIS.

Ellen, "OH, DON'T TALK ME TO-DAY, CHARLEY, I'M NOT AT ALL WELL!"  
Charley (a Man of the World), "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COUSIN—THE  
FACT IS, YOU ARE IN LOVE" NOW, YOU TAKE THE ADVICE OF A FELLOW  
WHO HAS SEEN A GOOD DEAL OF WHAT SORT OF THING, AND DON'T GIVE  
WAY TO IT!"



MR. BRIGGS GROUSE SHOOTING.

9 A.M. HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR. MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM  
SO VICARIOUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACITLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON  
"HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MAGGLEGOR!"

The Result of the Dog's Sign will be on record at The Electric Telegraph.



RELIGION A LA MODE.

Harris says! "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, PARRER, I SHALL BE VERY  
GLAD WHEN MESSRS HAS GOT THREE OF THIS RELIGION. IT MAY BE  
THE FUTURE, BUT WHAT WITH HIS COMIN' HOME LATE FROM  
PARTIES, AND GETTING UP A LITTLE LATE AND THEN GOIN' TO  
BED AGAIN, WE OF THE RELIGIOUS HAS DOUBT WOULD A.M.S.T."





GRANDMAMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN MASTER TOM SOME PLUMS.

*Master Tom.* "NOW, THEN, GRANNT, I'VE EATEN THE PLUMS, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME SIXPENCE, I'LL SWALLOW THE STONES!"



MR. BRIGGS GROUSE SHOOTING.

11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS NATIVE FLAGSTONES."



NOTHING LIKE PRUDENCE.

*Maria (log.)* "MY DEAR CHARLES, BEFORE WE THINK OF MARRYING, I MUST ASK YOU, WHAT YOU HAVE?"

*Charles.* "MY DEAR MARIA, I WILL TELL YOU FRANKLY THAT ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS A DREAM AND A CRICKET BAT; BUT PAPA HAS PROMISED ME A BOW AND ARROWS, AND A PONY, IF I'M A GOOD BOY."

*Maria.* "OH! MY DEAR CHARLES, WE COULD NEVER LIVE AND KEEP HOUSE UPON THAT!"



*Old Lady (log.)* "BLESS MY HEART! HOW LITTLE THEY SMALL THEY DO MAKE THE EYES OF THE NEEDLES NOW-A-DAYS, TO BE SURE!"



12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTICATION OF MR. BRIGGS.



"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

15 WASKETS TO BE ORIGINALLY WORE THIS SUMMER





THE POT-HUNTER.



MR. BRIGGS IS OFF AGAIN SHOOTING



THE LONG VACATION.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?



MR. BRIGGS ON THE FIRST.

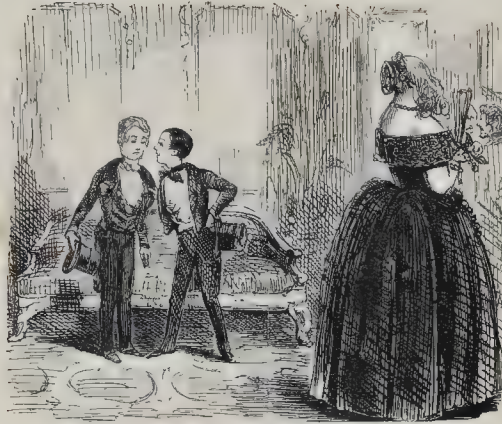
FORTUNATELY FOR MR. BRIGGS (WHO WILL LOAD HIS OWN GUN BECAUSE THEN HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT) THE KEEPER DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS PUT ABOUT THREE QUARTERS OF A TON OF SHOT INTO HIS RIGHT-HAND BARREL.



LITTLE WOMEN.

*First Matron.* "HAS YOUR DOLL HAD THE MEASLES, AMELIA?  
MINE HAS—"  
*Second Matron.* "NO, I'VE A. BUT IT'S BEEN VERY RECKLESS  
ABOUT ITS TEETH, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT A LITTLE GRAY  
POWDER."





THE RISING GENERATION.

*Juvenile.* "OH, CHARLEY. IF YOU HEAR A REPORT THAT I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED TO THAT GIRL IN BLACK, YOU CAN CONTRADICT IT. THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."



FEW THINGS ARE MORE ANNOYING THAN TO BE SHORT OF POWDER WHEN THERE IS A CHANCE OF GOOD SPORT. MR. BRIGGS FEELING THIS, ORDERS A GOOD SUPPLY, TO HANG AWAY AT THE PHEASANT TOMORROW. HE SUGGESTS TO MRS. BRIGGS, THAT IT SHOULD BE KEPT UNDER CHAIR BED, TO BE OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHILDREN!



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Tom.* "AH, BILL! I'M QUITE TIRED OF THE DISSIPATION OF THE GAY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD. I THINK I'LL MARRY AND SETTLE."  
*Bill.* "WELL, I'M DEVILISH SICK OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE MYSELF, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THROWING MYSELF AWAY IN A HURRY."



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Juvenile Oxford Man (who does not think in Ordinate of himself)* "A—WERE YOU AT EITHER UNIVERSITY?"

*Awful Swell.* "YAS—WHEN I WAS A—BOY!"

[OXFORD MAN DEPARTS IN A HANSON.]



CONSOLATION.

"NOT KITCHED NONE! AH! SIR, YOU SHOULD HA' BIN HERE LAST TOOSDAY; THERE WAS TWO CENTS. KILLED A UNCOMMON SIGHT A' FISH TO BE SURE, THEN."



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Juvenile.* "I TELL YOU THAT IT IS, GOVERNOR, THE SOONER WE COME TO SOME UNDERSTANDING THE BETTER. YOU CAN'T EXPECT A YOUNG FELLER TO BE ALWAYS AT HOME, AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I GO ON, WHY I MUST HAVE CHANGE—AND SO MUCH A—WEEK!"





THE MORNING AFTER THE DERBY.

First Gent. "WELL, KED, HOW DID WE GET HOME LAST NIGHT?"  
Second Gent. "OH, I DON'T KNOW! DIDN'T I GO HOME WITH YOU?"



MAY DAY FOR THE SWEEPS IN 1847.



A BOAT FOR AN HOUR.

Stout Gentleman, "WHAT! IS THAT THE ONLY BOAT YOU HAVE IN?"



Elderly Sister. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED, DEAR, ARE YOU? WELL FOR MY PART, I THINK NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE MARRIAGES OUT OF A THOUSAND TURN OUT MISERABLY; BUT OF COURSE EVERY ONE IS THE BEST JUDGE OF THEIR OWN FEELINGS."



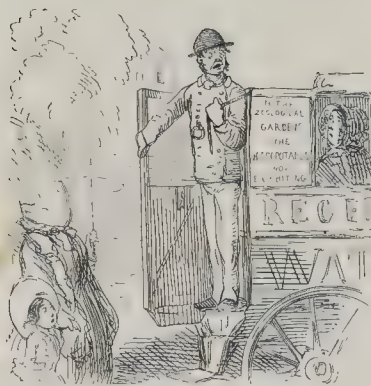
TABLEAU—REPRESENTING MR. BRIGGS OUT FOR A DAY'S RABBIT-SHOOTING.



DOG DAYS! PLEASANT FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Old Lady. "JOHN THOMAS!"  
John Thomas. "YEE, MY LADY."  
Old Lady. "CARRY ESMEERALDA—SHE'S GETTING TIRED, FOUR FAREING!"





COMPLIMENTARY.

"OLD 'ARD BILL! HERE'S ANOTHER HIPPERBOTAMUS."



A FRIEND HAS GIVEN MR. BRIGGS A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A COCK PHEASANT GETS UP, AND MR. BRIGGS'S IMPRESSION IS, THAT A VERY LARGE FIREWORK HAS BEEN LET OFF CLOSE TO HIM HE IS ALMOST FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.



THE PIKE IS A VORACIOUS FISH, AND BITES VERY READILY IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

"ED GENTLEMAN IS PRAY FOND OF FISHING."



HALL ALONG OF THEM BETTING OFFICES.

Betting Flunkey, "LOST! I BELIEVE YER! AND LOST A HATFULL OF MONEY ON THE HOGS, TOO; AND NOW I'M TO SETTLE WITHOUT PARTING WITH MY JEWELLERY, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW! AH, MR. BUTLER, IT'S HARD LINES TO WAIT AT TABLE WITH SUCH CARES AND HANSHETTES."



PITY IS AKIN TO LOVE.

Boy (beg), "O P-S'T! PITY THEM POOR KIDS IN CARRIAGES THIS HOT WEATHER!"



A ROMANCE OF ROAST DUCKS.

"MY DARLING, WILL YOU TAKE A LITTLE OF THE—A—THE STUFFING?"  
"I WILL, DEAR, IF YOU DO; BUT IF YOU DON'T, I WON'T."



FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH.



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Juvenile.* "Uncle!"

*Uncle.* "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT! THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE WOKEN ME UP, SIR!"

*Juvenile.* "I'M JUST PUT A FEW COALS ON THE FIRE, AND PASS THE WINE, THAT'S A GOOD OLD CHAP."



MR. BRIGGS HAS BACKED HIMSELF TO RIDE A STEEPLE CHASE AGAINST HIS FRIEND MUFFINS, OF THE ST-K EXCH-NGE. HE IS GOING ROUND THE COURSE JUST TO LOOK AT THE JUMPS.

*Spectator (to Mr. B.).* "OH NO, SIR! THIS AIN'T THE BIG ONE. THE BIG ONE IS AFTER YOU GET OUT OF THE LANE, AND AFTER YOU COME TO THE BROOK!"



DELICATE!

*The Conductor.* "WOULD ANY LADY BE SO KIND AS TO RIDE OUTSIDE TO GIVE A GENTLEMAN?"



MR. BRIGGS IS WHIPPED, OF COURSE.

MR. BRIGGS

RIDES

HIS MATCH.



HIS FRIENDS RECOMMEND HIM A LITTLE JUMPING POWDER.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

OH! THERE'S A GO! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LOST MY DIAMOND RING!"



INTRODUCTION OF CHEAP OMNIBUSES, AND FRIGHTFUL UPSET OF DIGNITY.

*Conductor.* "NOW, MARM! WHITE-CHAPEL, OR MILL-END—ONLY A PENNY!"



PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



HERE HE TAKES A PRELIMINARY CANTER, AND PUTS HIS HORSE AT A FLIGHT OF HURDLES.



WHO, IN CONSEQUENCE, MAKES A MISTAKE AT THE NEXT FENCE.



MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED IN THE BROOK.



AND GETS OVER VERY CLEVERLY.



HOWEVER, MR. BRIGGS IS NOT HURT; AND, AFTER SOME EXERTION, RE-MOUNTS.



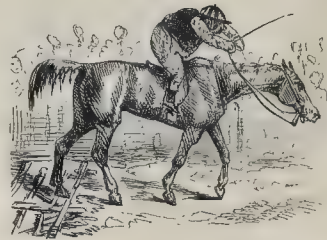
AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE BROOK.



SOME TIME AFTER THE START, MR. BRIGGS GOES ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FLAG, AND IS OBLIGED TO GO BACK, WHICH, AS THE GROUND IS RATHER HEAVY, "TAKES IT OUT OF OLD BLUNDERBUSS CONSIDERABLY."



MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED COMING TO THE BROOK. IN THE DISTANCE MAY BE OBSERVED HIS OPONENT, WHO HAS A RASTY FALL, BUT FORTUNATELY TUMBLES ON HIS HEAD.



PORTRAIT OF MR. BRIGGS WINNING THE RACE. N.B. THE DENSE CROWD IS CHEERING HIM.





A GREAT LOSS.

*Rapid Undergraduate.* "WELL, JACKSON! YOU SEE THEY'VE PLUCKED ME AGAIN."  
*Porter of St. Boniface.* "YEESS, SIR, I WAS VERY SORRY WHEN I HEARD OF IT, SIR."  
*Undergraduate.* "AH! I DID INTEND GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND BEING AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION—BUT AS THEY WON'T LET ME THROUGH—I THINK—I SHALL CUT THE WHOLE CONCERN."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER OF 1846.



RAILWAY LITERATURE.

*Book-Stall Keeper.* "BOOK, MA'AM! YES, MA'AM. HERE'S A POPULAR WORK BY AN EMINENT SURGEON, JUST PUBLISHED, 'BROKEN LEGS; AND HOW TO MEND THEM,' OR, WOULD YOU LIKE THE LAST NUMBER OF 'THE RAILWAY OPERATOR!'"



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER HAVING A LITTLE BALL PRACTICE.



RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

*Young Sister.* "I SHOULD SO LIKE TO GO TO A PARTY, MA."  
*Mamma.* "MY DEAR, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. AS I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE (I AM HERE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TIMES), THAT UNTIL FLE-RI IS MARRIED, IT IS LITERALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GO OUT; SO DO NOT ALLUDE TO THE SUBJECT AGAIN. I BEG."





ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE BLACKGUARD BETTING OFFICES.

*Spouting Orator.* "I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE ROBBING MASTER, BUT I MUST MEET MY ENGAGEMENTS."



PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



YOUNG AFFECTION



INTERESTING.

"I HAVE CALLED, MR. SQUILES, TO SAY THAT MY DARLING LITTLE DOG (!) HAS TAKEN ALL HIS MIXTURE, BUT HIS COUGH IS NO BETTER."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER FORMS HIMSELF INTO A SQUARE, AND RESISTS A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.



CURIOUS EFFECT OF RELAXING AIR.

SCENE. *Not a hundred yards from the door of H. A.*

N.B.—(MR. SO AND SO HOPES BY A STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS TO ENJOY A CONTINUANCE OF THOSE FAVOURS, WHICH IT WILL EVER BE, &c., &c., &c.)

*Traveler (much excited).* "BLESS MY HEART! THERE'S THE BILL HISSING ON THE PIER. HOLLO! WHY, WHERE'S THE CABINET I AGO I LEFT IN THE PASSAGE?"

*Hotel Keeper (faintly).* "OH, HOW SHOULD I KNOW! CAN'T ASK ME, I'M ONLY THE LANDLORD. YOU HAD BETTER TALK TO THE WAITERS."





MELANCHOLY REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

"POOR SWEETHEART, LADIES! RAILWAY DIRECTOR ONCE, LADIES."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER

HAVING A COLD IN HIS HEAD, RESORTS TO AN INGENUOUS METHOD OF PRESERVING HIS HEALTH WITHOUT DESERTING HIS POST.



THE LIVELIEST OF THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



A DESIGN FOR AN ALBUM.



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER

HAVING CURED HIS COLD WITH RUN AND WATER, RESOLVES NOT TO GO HOME "TILL DAY-LIGHT DOES APPEAR"  
HE ASSURES THE POLICEMAN THAT "IT'S ALL RIGHT."



WOUNDED PRIDE.

Small Boy: "NOW, THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN AGIN A MEMBER O' PARLIAMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BL WED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"



PRIDE.

Page.—"THAT POOR DEVIL AIN'T MIXED MUCH IN SOCIETY."





KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

*Tom.* "JACK! WHEREABOUTS IS AMSTID AM?"  
*Jack.* "WELL, I CAN'T SAY EXACTLY, BUT I KNOW IT'S SOME-  
 WHERE NEAR AMSTID-EATH!"



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER

HAVING BEEN DRUNK AND DISORDERLY, IS ORDERED BY HIS "DASHING WHITE SERJEANT" TO DO DOUBLE DUTY.



OH! THE CURTAINS!

*Objectionable Child.* "LOO, PA! ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE! MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH  
 IT WHEN MA COMES HOME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL."



A SKETCH FROM NATURE, TAKEN NEAR THE  
 FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

*Oh! Gentlemen,* "GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S STRIKING, AND  
 THEY'LL HAVE BEGUN DINNAR."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER

THE NIGHTS ARE STILL CHILL; THEREFORE OUR FRIEND WARMS THE BED FOR HIS FAMILY PREVIOUS TO HIS GOING ON GUARD.



AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

*Mary.* "OH! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A BEAUTIFUL COLUMBIENNE, AND RIDE  
 ABOUT IN A GOLD CAR DRAWN BY WHITE HORSES!"  
*Augustus.*—"AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A HARLEQUIN, AND CHANGE  
 WHOLE STREETS INTO REALMS OF DAZZLING LIGHT!"  
*Tom (a rude dog).*—"AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE THE OLD CLOWN, AND  
 MAKE BUTTER SLIDES ON THE PAVEMENT TO THE OLD LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"





A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

*Bootmaker, (with great feeling). "OH NO, SIR! DON'T HAVE NAPOLEONS; HAVE TOPS, SIR!—YOURS IS A BEAUTIFUL LEG FOR A TOP BOOT, SIR!"—(Young Nimrod is immensely pleased). "BEAUTIFUL LEG, SIR! SAME SIZE ALL THE WAY DOWN, SIR!"—(Young Nimrod is immensely disgusted).*



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

*JOHN T. TO THE MILITARY OF THE SEASON, HE LOOKS UP HIS BACKS.*



ONLY A PENNY! A SENSIBLE AND INGENUOUS TOY FOR CHILDREN.

*(See London Streets.)*

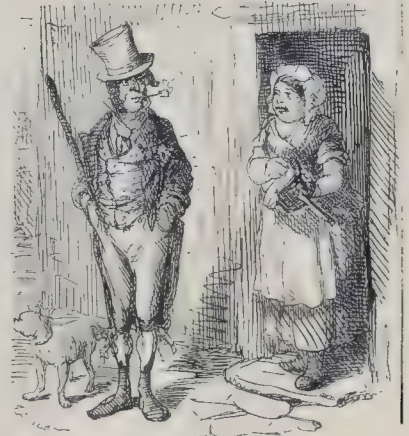


*Mrs. Maudslayi: "ALEXANDER, WHEN YOU'VE TITIVATED THAT GENT, YOU MUST COME TO DINNER."*



THE BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

*HAVING GIVEN HIMSELF LEAVE OF ABSENCE, HE ENJOYS A LITTLE DOMESTIC FELICITY.*



A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

*"WHERE SHALL I SAY YOU'VE COME TO, JIM, IF ANYONE CALLS?"  
"OH, THE OLD SHOP—KENSINGTON GARDENS, TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY!"*



MEMOIRS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851



THE GREAT DERBY RACE FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY ONE





A STAGGERER FOR AN EXCURSIONIST.

*Forique (with perfect politeness). "PARDON, M'SIEU! PARTIL ALLER A DREUIL, A GAUCHE, OU EN FACE, POUR ME REPRENDRE A PRENDRE A PRENDRE?" (Punch.)*



MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

*"O'N MIA, ALPHONSE! REGARDEZ-LE. COMMENT APPELLE-T-ON CETTE MACHINE LA?"  
"TIENS, C'EST DROLE—MAIS JE NE SAIS PAS."*



THE HAT FOR 1851.

*He. "A'U COLLEGE HAVE A MORE BECOMING HAT, SIR,—AND THEY'LL BE A GREAT DEAL WORN AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION."*



A MAN IN A HAT, A WOMAN IN A BONNET, AND A CHILD IN A DRESS, STANDING BY THE SIDE OF A TABLE, WITH A SMALL POT OR JAR ON IT.



A MAN IN A HAT, A WOMAN IN A BONNET, AND A CHILD IN A DRESS, STANDING BY THE SIDE OF A TABLE, WITH A SMALL POT OR JAR ON IT.



A MAN IN A HAT, A WOMAN IN A BONNET, AND A CHILD IN A DRESS, STANDING BY THE SIDE OF A TABLE, WITH A SMALL POT OR JAR ON IT.





FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN  
HONOURABLY MENTIONED BY PRINCE ALBERT

"HONOURABLY MENTIONED, INDEED! IS THAT ALL? SCANDAL IS."

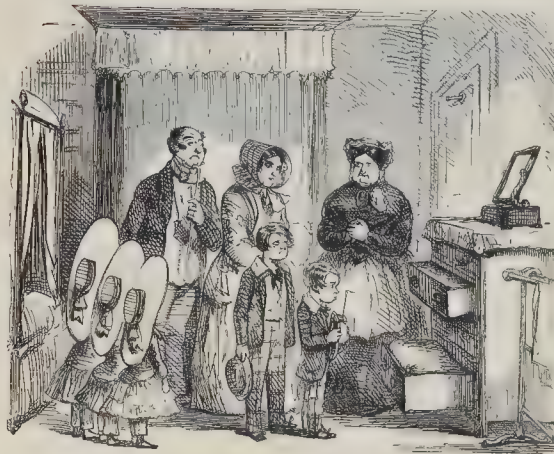


MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

THE CASH ROOM AT THE OPERA, SEPT. 1851,—"MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CART STOPS THE WAY."



Man: "SAY, YOU LITTLE DEER, OF THE CASUAL PAUPERS  
HAVE YOU, G. S.?"  
Girl: "YES, UNCLE."  
Man: "WELL, NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU A SHIPMENT. DO YOU  
WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU ADMIRE MOST IN THAT TEMPLE  
OF ISLAND?"  
Girl: (underdolefully) "A REAL ONE! AN' BEES, AND THE  
-INSIDE BEER - GIVE US THE DANCE!"



CROWDED STATE OF LODGING HOUSES.

*Lodging-house Keeper.* "ON'T THIS ROOM TO LET, MEM. A FOUR-POST, A TENT—AND A VELY  
COMFORTABLE DOUBLE-BEDDED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."



MR. CHAMBERLAIN "COMING DOWN."



SCENE—EXHIBITION REFRESHMENT ROOM.

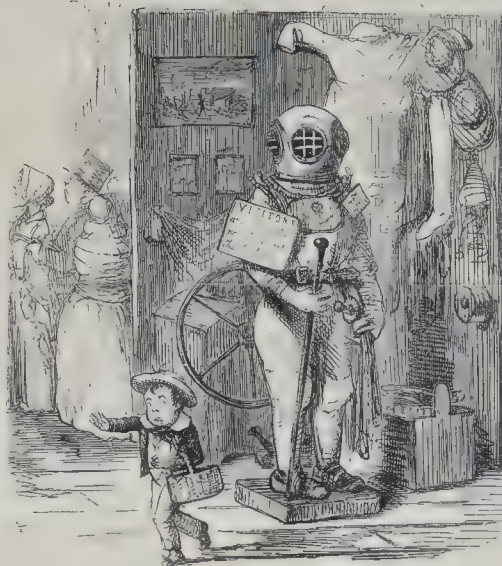
*Visitor.* "PIST O' BEER, MISS, PLEASE."  
*Miss.* "DON'T KEEP IT. YOU CAN HAVE A STRAWBERRY ICE AND A WAFFLE!"




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I think I had also never heard of *Chelidonium* "Chelidony" (Ch. YAMMA, DEAR " WHAT DO YOU  
 THINK I ASKED MR. — AND MISS — TO NAME SOME OF THE REMARKABLE EVENTS FROM  
 THE YEAR 700 B.C. TO THE YEAR 600 B.C., AND THEY OUTLINED. LIT. I CAN — AND — THE SECOND  
 MESSENIAN WAR COMMENCED, AND — THE TWO PLATONIC FLEWISHES; BYZANTIUM WAS FOUNDED  
 BY THE INHABITANTS OF MEGARA, DRACO GAVE LAWS TO ATHENS; TERABANTUS OF LESBOS, THE  
 MUSICIAN AND POET; THALES OF MILETUS, THE PHILOSOPHER, ALCAUS AND SAPPHO, THE POETS,  
 FLORISHING; AND FEROCHEADNEZ —

[Sensation from right and left, during which the voice of Child is happily drowned.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION. THE DIVING-DRESS DEPARTMENT.

IN THE FOREGROUND IS A TROUBLE-OME BOY (WHO HAS STRAYED FROM HIS PARTY, AND COME SUDDENLY UPON THE FIGURE. HE IS HURRYING AWAY FEAR DEPICTED ON HIS COUNTENANCE.



KEY TO TABLE

A MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.



COMPARATIVE LOVE.

*Papa.* "SO, CHARLEY, YOU REALLY ARE IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE BLACK-HEADED GIRL  
 14 U MET LAST NIGHT?"

(*Charles.* "YES, PAPA, I LOVE HER DEARLY !")

Papa, "HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE HER, CHARLEY? DO YOU LOVE HER AS MUCH 'AS RUDDING?"

(*Harley*, "OH YES, PAPA! AND A GREAT DEAL BETTER THAN PUDDING. BUT—  
*(pausing to reflect)*—I DO NOT LOVE HER SO MUCH AS—JELLY!"



### PREPARING FOR THE DERBY.

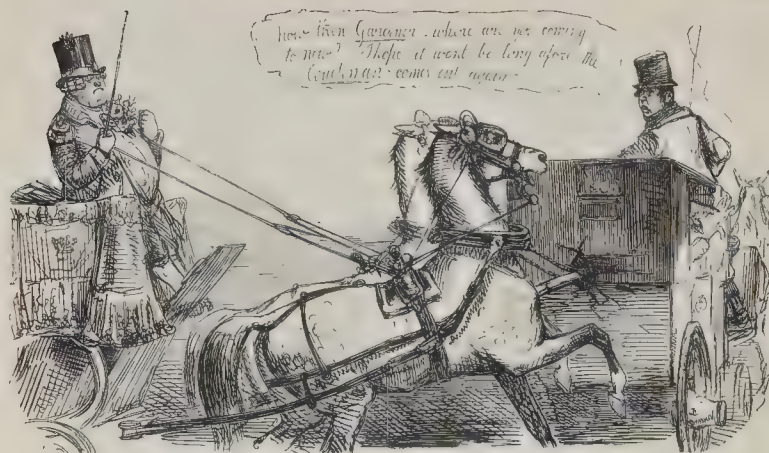
' I SAY, MISTER, JUST PUT US UP A COUPLE OF GREEN WHIS, WILL YER? ' THE MAN IN SO UNCOMMON



## THEORY

*Boatkeeper:* ' STALLS 216 AND 17. HIS WAY, MA'AM; LAST ROW, MA'AM. WONT YOU LIKE A BOOK, MA'AM ?'





BITTER SARCASM.



ALARMING OCCURRENCE.

Chorus of Unprotected Females. "CONDUCTOR! STOP! CONDUCTOR! OMNIBUS-MAN! HERE'S A GENTLEMAN HAD AN ACCIDENT AND BROKE A JAR OF LEECHES, AND THEY'RE ALL OVER THE OMNIBUS!"



FISHING OFF A WATERING PLACE

PERHAPS THE JOLLIEST THING IN THE WORLD ()



ESTABLISHMENT OF COUNTY COURTS THE OLD LAW COURTS HAVE NOTHING TO DO.









HORRIBLE INCIDENT.

AS THE SERVANTS ARE GONE TO BED, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE ENDEAVOURS TO DISCOVER WHERE THE THINGS ARE ALL KEPT, AND HE IS ALONE.  
[It may be argued that the Master, as represented in the Picture, is a very sensible creature, it was thought advisable to keep the

LET OF SUPPER FOR HIMSELF, THE  
THE BLACK SATIN OF THE KID  
The other objects; but as the



A BON-BON FROM JUVENILE PARTY.

Alfred. "I SAY, FRANK, ARN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"  
Frank. "A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."



TURKISHES.

"I SAY, OLD FELLOW, HOW DO YOU GO TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"  
"OH, THE OLD WAY—HAMPER AND FOUR."



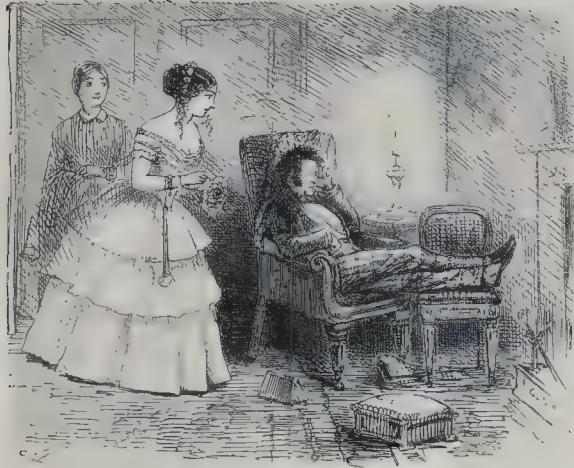
BALLOONING.



SCENE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—TIME, TWO ON A MORNING.

Replaced. Tradesman (to a little party returning home): "DO YOU WANT TO BUY A GOOD BAG?"





GOING "OUT" TO AN "AT HOME."

*Lonely Woman stands at a Window.* "OUD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM—FAST ASLEEP! AND NOT DRESSED, I DECLARE! WHY IT'S NEARLY TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND THE DROUGHAN HAS BEEN WAITING THIS HALF-HOUR. GO AND GET READY THIS MOMENT, SIR!"



VERY CONSIDERATE.

*Applauds the Gentleman.* "THAT'S ALL RIGHT! NOW IT REMAINS I'M AFRAID YOU'LL GET VERY VERY—IN I OFFER YOU A GREAT OUST—IN ANYTHING."



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Old Gentleman.* "WELL, WALTER, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE GOT INTO LATIN AND GREEK AT SCHOOL BY THIS TIME, EH?"

*Junior.* "OH, YES, SIR, I HAVE JUST FINISHED MY PLOX AND THIRTYFIVES, AND AM NOW IN EUPHIDES. BY THE WAY, SIR, HOW WOULD YOU RESEMBLE THE PASSAGE BEGINNING *καὶ τὸ πρῶτον τὸ πρῶτον*?"

*Old Gentleman.* "AH! HEY! WHAT?—AH! HEY, LEAGUE, BRING ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CLARET, AND—EH? WHAT! WALTER, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER JOIN THE LADIES."



A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

*Lady.* "IF YOU AREN'T SATISFIED WITH WHAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE WHO WILL SETTLE WITH YOU."

*Colonel.* "NO THERE AIN'T! THERE AIN'T NO GENTLEMAN HERE!"

*Lady.* "I TELL YOU THERE IS. THERE IS A GENTLEMAN IN THIS HOUSE!"

*Colonel.* "OH, NO, THERE AIN'T, NOT IF HE BELONGS TO YOU!"



FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

*Wife of his house.* "UPON MY WORD, MR. DEEWITT! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS! SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A FEMALE!"



A MOST ALARMING SWELLING!





PLEASANT!

*Narrator (Gull, son).* "DON'T YOU THINK, FIDGET, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"  
*Fidget.* "I'D BEEN YER NO, SIR!" I NEVER THREW A ONE DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'CEPT ONCE, AND THAT WAS ONE PROSTY MORNIN' NIGHT 'GINT SE'N A RIGHT AN' THE IT WAS, AN' I WAS A DRIVIN' A GENT (AS MIGHT BE YOU) FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THREWED DOWN THIS WHEEY ON TO THIS WEEPY BONT-A-TREAF!"



A SKETCH AT RAMSCOTE.

*Ellen (who loves a joke at Aunt Fidget's expense).* "GOOD GRACIOUS, AUNT, THERE ARE TWO OFFICERS!"  
*Aunt Fidget (a short sighted lady).* "BLESS ME, SO THERE ARE! WELL; THEY MAY BE OFFICERS, BUT THEY ARE NOT GENTLEMEN, I'M SURE, OR THEY WOULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT US IN THAT IMPUDENT MANNER."



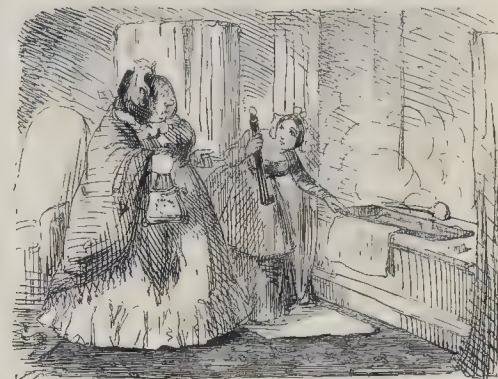
REWARD OF MERIT.

*Bugged Uncle.* "PLEASE, GIVE DAD A SHIRT LIFE."  
*Barnum.* "CAN'T DO IT. DON'T KNOW HIM."  
*Bugged Uncle.* "WHY, HE GETS DRUNK HERE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT."  
*Barnum.* "OH! DADS HE, MY LITTLE DEAR! THEN 'ERE'S A NICE LONG 'UN, WITH A BIT OF WAX AT THE END."



DOING A LITTLE BILL.

"YOU SEE, OLD BOY, IT'S THE MEREST FORM IN THE WORLD. YOU HAVE ONLY TO—WHAT THEY CALL—ACCEP'T IT, AND I'LL FIND THE MONEY WHEN IT COMES TAE."  
*Victim.* "COME ALONG—GIVE US THE PEN."



A TIGHT FIT.

"YOUR BATH IS QUITE READY, MA'AM."  
 "WELL, BUT MY GOOD GIRL, I CAN'T GET INTO SUCH A BIT OF A THING AS THAT!"





ALARMING.

*Housekeeper.* "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHIEF'S IN THE HAIR, SIR!"

*That, very oddity.* "INHALED! AH! THEN I HOPE YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

*Housekeeper.* "OH! I SEE AND DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE HAIR NOT THE HAT-NEITHER."



FOX STEALS AWAY FROM THE COVER; BEARDED FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION IMMEDIATELY GIVES CHASE.

*Whipper-in (with excitement, loquacity).* "OLD 'ARD, THERE! OLD 'ARD! WHERE ARE YOU A GALLOPING TO? I O T H THINK YOU CAN CATCH A N.Y."

*Foreigner of Distinction (with great glee).* "I DO NOT KNOW, M N AM I BUT I WILL TRY! I WILL TRY!"



DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Domestic (colloquially).* "WELL! I'M SURE MISSER HAD BETTER GIVE THIS NEW DRESSER TO ME, INSTEAD OF STICKING SUCH A YOUNG-LOOKING THING UPON HER OLD SHOULDERS."

(The important remark is immediately answered.)



RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE—A LITTLE COMMISSION.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR.—MRS. GENERAL SLOWCOACH'S COMPLIMENTS, AND SHE SAYS IF YOU'RE GOING BY THE TRAIN THIS MORNING, SHE WOULD FEEL PARTICULARLY OBLIGED BY YOUR TAKING CHARGE OF THIS LITTLE CASK OF SEA-WATER AS FAR AS HER 'USE."



THE BETTING POINT.





STARTLING EFFECT OF THE 'COLD DIGMINS.'

*First Lady (to the dog):* "NOW THIS LIFE IS ALL—A PAINFUL OLD  
SUFF'RING AND A HAIR THIN AND A PAIN!"



A BONBON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

*First Lady (to the girl):* "THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL TALKING TO YOUNG ALGERNON BIRKS!"  
*Second Lady (to the boy):* "LAW—TULLY, A LITTLE OLD HAVE BEEN HER SOME SEASONS AGO."



THROWING STONES THROUGH ICE.

A DELIGHTFUL RECREATION FOR YOUTH, WHICH COMBINES HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WITH THE  
LUXURY OF WINDOW-BREAKING, WITHOUT DANGER OR EXPENSE.



A JOLLY DOG

"LAWD HIRE, JAMES!—OLD HIRSH IS GONE OUT OF TOWN, AND I'VE  
GOT HIM DEANT OF A DOG WIT'S PAD UPON CHICKENS TO TAKE CARE OF.  
—WON'T I TEACH HIM TO SWIM, PANTHER?"



MERMAIDS AT PLAY; OR, A NICE LITTLE WATER PARTY.



CRUEL!

*Swab:* "'AVE A CIGAR, COACHEE!"  
*Swab's Bussman:* "NO, THANKS—I ONLY SMOKE TOBACCO!"





SEA-SIDE LITERATURE FOR YOUNG LADIES; OR DELIGHTS OF CROCHET.

*First Young Lady (reads)* "10th row—3 long with 3 chain after each into third small space, 1 long into same space, 5 long with 3 chain after each into middle space, 1 long into same space, 3 long with 3 chain after each into next space, 1 long in same space, 5 chain, into in middle of large space, 5 chain, repeat."  
*Second and Third Young Ladies (in ecstasies)* "Oh, how sweetly pretty!!!"



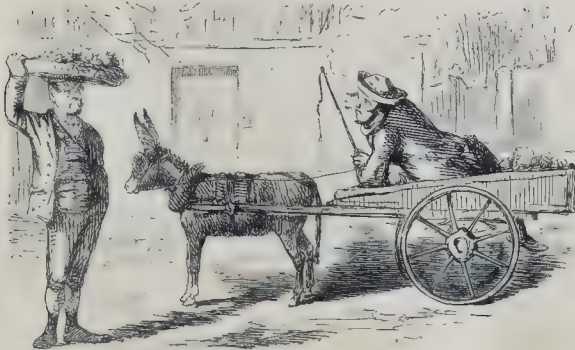
WALTONIANS.—SCENE.—ROOM IN COUNTRY-HOUSE.—BREAKFAST-TIME.

*Master Tom* "Oh, Robert!"

*Robert* "Yes, sir."

*Master Tom* "Oh, I say Robert! the ladies want me to take 'em out fishing to-day, so just tell 'em I can't go, and I'll be home to go with 'em to get some more grub; and look here! tell the gardener he must cut up some more potatoes, and a few small ones, as perhaps he shall try for a jack. And—hi! Robert, tell him to send 'em to me, I may see whether they're the right sort!"

*General Exclamation of "Nasty Monkey!" from the Ladies.* Old Gentleman, being rather deaf, makes mistake.



TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

*First Customer* "I wonder a respectable cove like you, Bill, carries yer own collyfivers! Why don't ye keep a carriage like mine?"  
*Second Customer* "Why don't I keep a carriage? Why because I don't choose to waste my hincum in make show and fashionable display!"



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

*Fond Mother* "Why, he doesn't write very well yet, but he gets on nicely with his spelling. Come, Alexander, what does D. O. O. spell!"

*Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness)* "Cat!"



"Why, what's the matter with Tommy?"

"Hoo! hoo! I've cut my finger with acct's scissors."

"That's a good boy! Always speak the truth!"





PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD

*Medical Man.* "STUPID OLD FOOL! WHY, THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH HIM, EXCEPT WHAT ARISES FROM HIS OVEREATING AND DRINKING HIMSELF—ONLY I CAN'T AFFORD TO TELL HIM SO."



PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD.

*Mother.* "YOU ARE A DISAGREEABLE OLD BACHELOR, AND GENERALLY HATE CHILDREN I KNOW—BUT ISN'T DEAR LITTLE WAMWOOD A FINE, NOBLE, LITTLE FELLOW?"  
*Old Clerk.* "WELL, IF YOU WANT MY CANDID OPINION, I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU AT ONCE—THAT I THINK HIM THE MOST LOVEABLE LITTLE BEAST I EVER SAW—AND IF YOU IMAGINE I AM GOING TO LEAVE HIM ANYTHING BECAUSE YOU HAVE NAMED HIM AFTER ME, YOU ARE NIGHTILY MISTAKEN."



PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD

*Artist No. 1.* "THERE, MASTER OKER, I FLATTER MYSELF THAT WILL TAKE THE SHINE OUT OF YOUR PREVIOUS PRODUCTION, ALTHOUGH YOU DO THINK NOBODY CAN PAINT BUT YOURSELF."

*Artist No. 2.* "HEY! DEAR, DEAR, DEAR! THAT'S VERY BAD. BY JOVE, MY BOY, IT'S A DREADFUL FALLING OFF FROM LAST YEAR. IF I WERE YOU, I SHOULD THINK TWICE BEFORE I SLANT IT IN."

*Artist No. 1.* "HERE ENVOY. LIBERAL HUMBUG."



EASY SHAVING



*Groom.* "THAT'S ANOTHER FAVOURITE ONE OF MASTER'S, SIR, AND A GOOD UN HE IS, TOO, SIR, ONLY HE AINT VERY QUIET."

*Mr. Green.* "OH! HOW DO YOU MEAN—NOT VERY QUIET?"

*Groom.* "WHY, SIR, HE'D GOT YOU UP IN A CORNER AND KICK YER BRAINS OUT IN NO TIME. HE'S A'MOST KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY."



STAGE STRUCK.





PERFECT SINCERITY; OR THINKINGS ALOUD.

"ARE YOU SINGING?"  
 "WHY, YES. THE FACT IS, THAT YOUR PARTY IS SO SLOW, AND I AM WEARILY CALIPANALLA BORED, THAT I SHALL GO SOMEWHERE AND SING A QUART NOTE."  
 "WELL, GOOD NIGHT AS YOU ARE BY NO MEANS TANTALIZED BY A GREAT FUMBLE, AND NOT IN THE LEAST AMUSED, I THINK IT'S THE LAST THING YOU CAN DO."



VERY LOW PEOPLE!!

*Professor of Pathology.*—"WHAT SORT O' PEOPLE ARE THEY AT NUMBER TWELVE, JACK?"  
*Professor of Metaphysics.*—"OH! A BURGESSIAN LOT. TWO O' NUTS O' A' MIDDAY, AND 'ASH AN' OLD MEAT THE BEST O' THE WEEK."



AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

*Equestrian.*—"NO, I HAN'T STOP FOR THE LAST RACE, I MUST GET TO TOWN TO GO TO AN EVENING PARTY."



NO DOUBT.

"NOW I TAKE SAN, MUM, THAT AIR BEAST O' A DOG IN A GARDEN WERE FEARED THAN YOU OR I SHOULD BE."



A WEIGHTY MATTER.

*Visiting Officer (who is about the place).*—"I'M I TOLD YOU WERE IN THE LEAVES! AIN'T YOU, CHARLEY? IT WOULD BE A BURNING LOVE FOR HIM TO GET THE SAME LIKE THESE FOR LIGHT LIPS."





THE SEASIDE SEASON.

DELICATE STATE OF THE HILFSTAMM. IT IS ORDERED CHANGE OF AIR, AND A LITTLE SEA BATHING.



WAITING FOR A DIP.

*Proprietor of Mothair (log)* "FERY TO KEEP YOU SUCH A LONG TIME A WAITIN', SIR; BUT REALLY THE. STOP IN SUCH A TIME THAT WE HAVEN'T A MACHINE TO DRESS OURSELVES WITH. THERE'S CRUMMIT'S COTTAGE HAS BEEN IN THE WATER THIS THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR; AND ALBION'S BURN, TAKES THE LONGEST TIME TO LIES OF ANY GENT I EVER SEE. (H! HERE'S FRESH TIDE!) A - MINS' HURT. NOW YOU CAN GO IN, SIR."



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 1.

FIRST ON YOUR SEASONED "SCREW."



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 2.

ABOUT FOUR MILES "DOWN THE ROAD" GET PROPERLY SPLASHED AT A PUBLIC HOUSE.



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 3.

AND RETURN HOME SHOWING A LITTLE OF THE ADMIRATION OF THE FOLK.





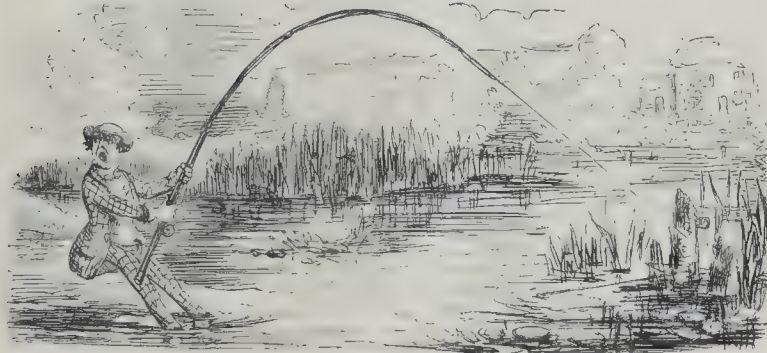
THE GENTLE CRAFT.

*Catchy phrases Mark (in puns). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."*



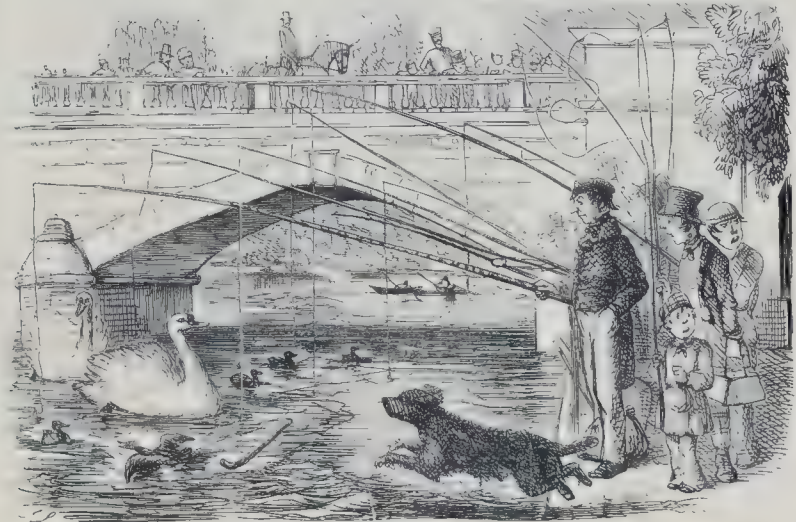
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT;

"THE COUNTRY IS AWFULLY DEEP, BUT THE FALLING IS DELIGHTFULLY SOFT AND SAFE."



A PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS.

*Punching (at the top of his poles). "HI—TOM! BRING THE LARKING NET; HE'S TILLED ME IN, AND GOT A BIRD AND A FISH."*



ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE—SATURDAY, P.M.

*Punch. No. 1. "HAD FISH A BITE, JIM?" Punch. No. 2. "JAT TET—I ONLY COME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY."*





BLOOMERIANA.—A DREAM.





A LOSER FOR A BLOOMER.

"And I shall be the first to admit in your presence, and give my consent to your marriage. Now, I must ask you to give me a position—a title—a keep him in the stable? Well, I may say that I have given him a seat in the stable!"



APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

No. 1. (Who is looking at the Picture of the Female Costume.) "WELL, NOW, UPON MY WORD, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING FRIGHTFUL IN IT. I SHALL CERTAINLY ADAPT IT."  
No. 2. "BUT MY DEAR, I'VE THROUGHLY DISCOVERED CONVENTIONALLY, THAT I HAVE ORDERED ALL MY NEW THINGS TO BE MADE IN THAT VERY NATURAL STATE."



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SOMETHING MORE APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

(BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE IS ONE OF THE "INFERRIOR ANIMALS.")



ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL RESULTS OF BLOOMERISM THE LADIES WILL FOR THE QUESTION.

Says the Creator. "SAY! H, SAY, FEARLESS! WILL YOU BE MINE?" &c, &c





A PROBABLE INCIDENT IF THAT BLOOMERISM ISN'T PUT DOWN.

*Ma!* "IF A W<sup>^</sup> PLEASE, MISS, THE DRESSMAKER HAS BROUGHT HOME YOUR NEW AIRM—P—CH."



BLOOMERISM IN A BALL ROOM.

*Bloomer.* "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING THE NEXT POLKA WITH YOU?"



NORTH-EAST WIND.—THERMOMETER: SEVERAL INCHES BELOW FREEZING.

*Brighton Boatman.* "DID YOU WANT A PLEASURE BOAT THIS MORNING, SIR? NICE DAY FOR A ROW!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Elton Boy (log.)* "COME, GOVERNOR! JUST ONE TOAST 'THE LADIES!'"



COMING TO THE POINT.

*Lady.* "SWEET GIRL, LET ME—HELP—AWAY FROM THE R—A HUM OF MEN—AND WHERE SO MANY EYES CAN SEE—US—RECALL THAT PASSION WHICH—WHICH—"  
*Lady.* "THERE! FOR GOD'S SAKE GET UP, MR. TOWNES, AND DON'T LET ME—US—JUST ANNOUNCE ALL THE FLEETING LIES OF THE PARADE!"



STREET DIALOGUE.

*First Boy.* "I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE EYE ANY MOTH."  
*Second Boy.* "WHOLE PUNCH MY D—!"—*First Boy.* "I WILL."  
*Second Boy.* "YOU WILL?"—*First Boy.* "YES, I WILL."  
*Second Boy.* "WELL—DO IT!"—*First Boy.* "AH!"  
*Second Boy.* "YES!"—*First Boy.* "OH!"

[Boys appropriate]





BARRACK LIFE

*First Heavy Soldier (sitting down):* "WELL, 'DS, MY BOY—HOW DID YOU KEEP IT UP HERE ON CHRISTMAS DAY?"  
*Second Do.* "OH! IT WAS TERRIBLY SLOW—FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A SUNDAY WITHOUT 'BILL'S LIFE!'"



BOX-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

*Doctor.* "AHEN! WELL! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND, ATOLITHUS?"  
*First Mother.* "WHY, HE'S NOT AT ALL THE THIST, DOCTOR. HE WAS AT A JUVENILE PARTY LAST NIGHT, WHERE THERE WAS A TIGHT CASE; AND IT PAID ME TO SAY THAT LADIES EATING A GREAT DEAL TOO MUCH OF THE CAFE, HE WAS IMPEACHED AS GOING TO EAT A HARELAIN AND A MAN ON HINDS BACK, AND, I AM SORRY TO SAY, A CLUD AND A BIRDCAKE FROM THE TOP OF IT!"



AWFUL SCENE ON THE CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.

*Newsman.* "LAWD! THERE'S CHARLEY, AND HE'S TOOK HIS MA'S PARASOL. WHAT A BIG MISSUS PAY!"



NOT A DIFFICULT THING TO FORETELL

"LET THE POOR GIST TELL OUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN."



SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY—THE OLD DOG POINTS CAPITALLY.

"I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SAM! IF THIS DOG A POINTS TO STUN, STILL LIKE THIS HOLE IN EVERY FIELD HE COMES TO, WE MAY AS WELL SHUT UP SHOP, FOR WE SHANT FIND NO PARTIALITY."



GLORIOUS NEWS.

"WELL, EUGENIE, IT'S ALL RIGHT!"  
 "WHAT'S ALL ABOUT?"  
 "WHY, WE ARE TO HAVE MARIO AGAIN."





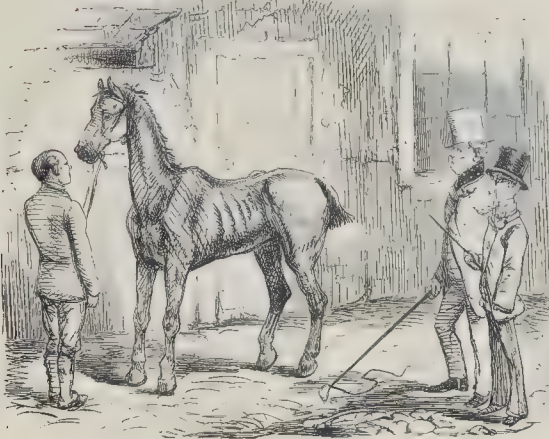
DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Head of the Family.* "TICK WHAT WE ARE GOING TO RELIVE, MARK IS TALLY THANKFUL—BON!"  
*OLD MUTTON AGAIN!*  
*Wife of his Daughter.* "AND A VERY GOOD DINNER TOO, ALEXANDER. SOMEBODY MUST BE ECONOMICAL. PEOPLE CAN'T EXPECT TO HAVE RICHMOND AND GREYHOUND DINNERS OUT OF THE LITTLE HOME-SAVING MONEY I HAVE."



SOLICITUDE.

*Child, supposed to be at a play.* "HUSKER MARIA YAK TIESOME HA GEMWATIN!"  
*LITTLE LADY COME OUT OF THE ROAD IN WITH YAK LITTLE BROTHER. I'D YAK WANT TO BE PASSED OVER BY CHRISTISTS AN' MARRIED DEAR CH HAIL CH I'FAK WOULD BE A NICE!*



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

*D. Esq.* "TULLER. HE AIN'T A 'ORSE MAIR UP FOR SALE. HE'LL GO ON IMPROVIN' EVERY DAY YAC KEEP HIM—HE WILL."



TERRIBLE DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

"LAWK, I'DIS, IF YOU HAVEN'T LID AND LET MASTER'S LIBRARY FIRE OUT AGAIN!"



MEN OF THE WORLD.

*First Man of the World.* "HEARD OF MISS F——'S MARRIAGE, CHARLEY?"  
*Second Do.* "AH! I HEARD IT SPOKE OF. I BELIEVE IT WAS A MARRIAGE OF INFLAMMATION—S A TH' MATTER!"  
*First Do.* "YES. IT WAS A BAD JOB. THOSE MATCHES NEVER TURN OUT WELL!"





FLUNKEIANA.

*Says Flunkey.* "I SHOULD REQUIRE, MADAM, FORTY POUNDS A YEAR, TWO SUITS OF CLOTHES, TWO LBS. MEAT AND HALF THREE TIMES A DAY, AND PIETY HINDS-ENSABLE."



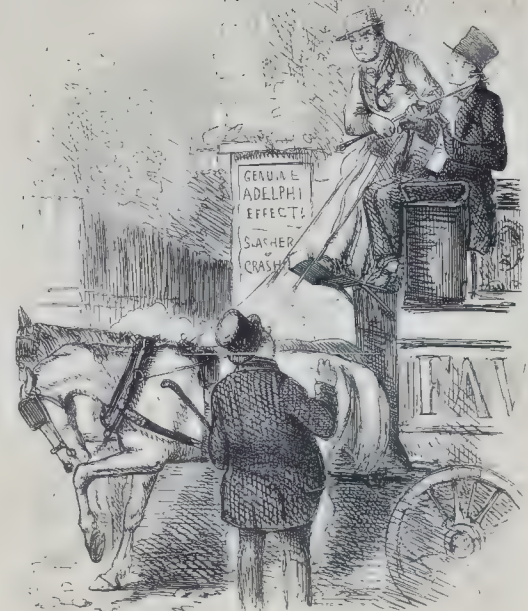
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GROUNDLESS ALARM.

*Expressman.* "NOW, BAY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A POW—YOU'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE!"  
*Bay.* "A-A-A-WAYN'T A JOING TO!"



PLEASANT.

*Old Apocryphal.* "HAVE A TRAIN, HUH?"  
*Bus Driver.* "WHY, YES, I, JIM, THIS FLEETING BOSS HAS MY SIN IN 'ARNS' ONE AUNT, AND HE'S SUCH A FLEETING BOSS, I HAVE 'IM BELL BY AUNTIN' HAV' AND ASSASSIN' INTO SUTING. HOWEVER, HERE DARTING COMES TO (and passengers), LAY HOLD OF THE TRAIN, HUH?"









PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

*Little Hunchbacked Gossip.* "AER AIR'S VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR!"  
*Gentleman (of agreeable temper).* "MY HAIR THIN ON THE TOP, SIR! AND WHAT IF IT IS! CONFOUND AGO, YOU RUFFET, IS Y<sup>r</sup> THINK I CAME HERE TO BE INSULTED AND TOLD OF MY PERSONAL DEFECTS? I'LL THEN TALK YOUR TOP!"



PLUNKIANA. *After Thomas, 1854.*

*Great Mrs.* "IT CERTAINLY! YOU CAN GO, OF COURSE; BUT, AS YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME FOR NINE YEARS, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE REASON."  
*Thomas.* "WHY, SIR, IT'S MY FEELINGS. YOU USED ALWAYS TO READ PRAYERS, SIR, YOURSELF, AND SINCE MISS WILKINS HAS BEEN HERE, SHE'S DIN A READING OF 'EM. NOW I CAN'T BAWMAN MYSELF BY SAYIN' 'AMEN' TO A GUV'NESS."



PLUNKIANA.

*Great Mrs.* "AER AIR'S VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR!"



PLUNKIANA.

*Mother of the House.* "NOW, TELL WHAT IS IT YOU COMPLAIN OF? IS NOT A ROAST LEG OF MUTTON, WITH PLenty of POTATOES, VEGETABLES, AND BEAN, A QUANTIFIANT FINEST FOR YOU?"  
*Thomas.* "WHY, 'TIS A QUANTIFIANT FINEST, NO DOUBT, BUT IT REALLY IS A QUANTIFIANT THAT—AW—ME AND TWO OTHER GENTLEMEN HAS NOT DIN AGAINST ME TO, IT'S ALLY CORSE VERY CORSE INDEED, SIR!"





VALUABLE HINT

ALWAYS BOLT THE LOCK OF YOUR MACHINE AFTER FATHING, OR YOU MAY BE SERVED AS POOR MR. TIGHE WAS. N. BAY. P. S. GUNTER IS REPRESENTED ALREADY.



DOMESTIC BLISS

Wife. "Good night! Good night! Good night! What are you doing with that gun?"  
 Husband. "Why, to try and shoot you." "Lash! Lash! My dear, I've killed two!"  
 Wife. "My goodness! To what?—THEY?"  
 Husband. "No, dear. TWO OF THOSE CONFUSED RABBIT THAT ARE ALWAYS EATING THE VERBENA! THERE, GO TO SLEEP, DARLING.—I'LL HAVE ANOTHER TRY!"



A LITTLE SURPRISE

Little Tom! I'm so surprised! "HIS! SOME GENTLEMEN, I THINK, ARE."



DOMESTIC BLISS

Servant. "If you please, miss, could I go out for half-an-hour to buy a bit of ribbon, miss?"





DISTRESSING RESULT OF EMIGRATION.

*Lucy.* "YES, MY DEAR. JOHN LEFT US WITHOUT ANY WARNING, AND WE CAN'T MATCH THE OTHER FOOTMAN, BECAUSE ALL THE TALL MEN ARE GONE TO AUSTRALIA."



THE LITTLE DINNER PARTY.

*Boy.* "OH! IF YOU PLEASE 'M-COOK'S VERY EARLY 'M-BUT COULD SHE SPEAK TO YOU A MUMFEE?"



A WOMAN SHOWING HOW THE FORTY HOURS OF WORK BY LADIES, MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



SPLENDID DAY WITH THE "QUEENS."

*First Speaker's Nod.* "WELL, HUH! WHAT SORT OF A DAY HAVE YOU HAD?"  
*Second's Note.* "OH, MAGNIFICENT, MY DEAR! I'VE THE 'UND SEVERAL TIMES" AND A LOT OF YER NASTY 'EDGES AN' 'DITCHES, EITHER; BUT A PRIME TURNPIKE ROAD ALL THE WAY."



DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Wife of Mr. Bessie.* "OH I DON'T WANT T INTERFERE YOU, IFAR, I ONLY WANT SOME MONEY F L DART'S SOCK-AND TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WILL HAVE THE MUTTON 'D PAID."





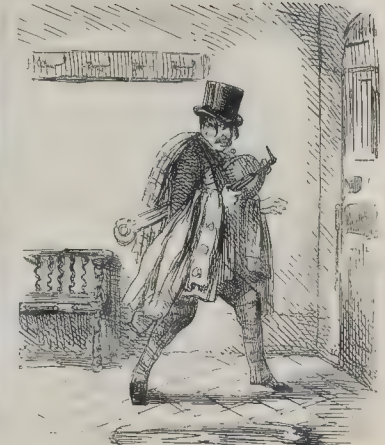
SAILORS ON SHORE CAROUSING—AS IT WILL BE WHEN THE CROG IS STOPPED.

DOMESTIC BLISS.



SCENE.—The Kitchen.

Good, "WHY WAS THAT AT THE DOOR, MARY?"  
 Mary, "OH! SUCH A NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN WITH MORTSTARCHES.  
 HE'S A WRITTEN A LETTER IN THE DRAWING ROOM. HE SAYS HE'S A OLD  
 SCHOOL-TELLER OF MASTER'S, JUST CAME FROM INDIA."



SCENE.—The Hall.

THE NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN IS SEEN DEPARTING, WITH WHAT GAJAT  
 COATS AND OTHER TRIFLES HE MAY HAVE LAID HIS HANDS UPON.



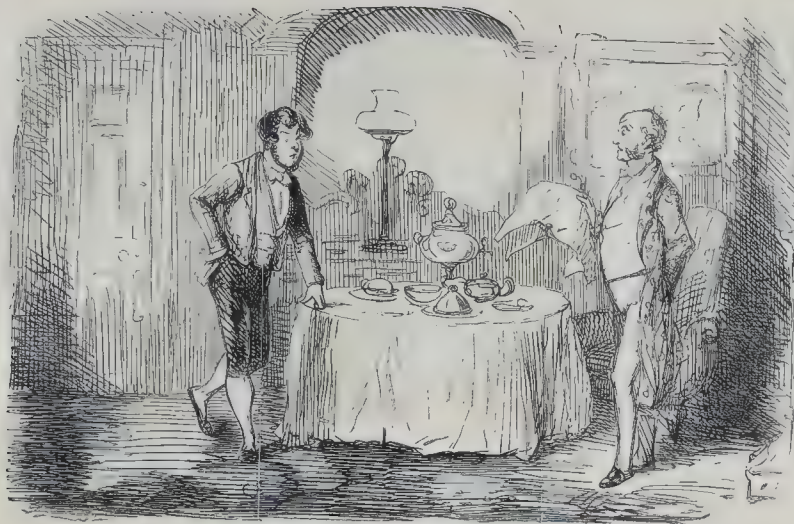
HOW TO MAKE COLLEGE COMFORTABLE, OR, HINTS FOR PRISON DISCIPLINE.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Young Mother's words:—"THE DEAR LITTLE CREATURE IS GETTING ON SO NICELY; IT'S BEGINNING QUITE TO TAKE NOTICE."  
 First Mother's words:—"OH! I CAN'T! THAT IS NOT TAKING NOTICE, IT'S ONLY THE WIND."  
 Second Mother's words:—"YOU SHOULD GIVE IT A LITTLE BUTTER, DEAR, YOU WOULD FIND," &c. &c.  
 Third Mother's words:—"WELL, IF IT WAS MY CHILD, I SHOULD," &c. &c.  
 Fourth Mother's words:—"NOW, WHEN I WAS NURSING MY LITTLE GREGORY, I USED," &c. &c.  
 Fifth Mother's words:—"WELL NOW, I WOULD NOT FOR THE WORLD THAT A BABY OF MINE," &c. &c.  
 Sixth Mother's words:—"INDDED I HAVE KNOWN CHILDREN OBLIGED TO ENTER THE MOST DISGRACEFUL AGONY," &c. &c.  
 Seventh Mother's words:—"BLESSED FOR ITS LOVE, AND YOU KNOW I HAVE HAD A LARGE FAMILY—AND IF YOU WILL BE ADVISED BY  
 Young Mother's words:—"I'LL TRY TO DO THAT," &c. &c.





FLUNKIANA.

*Flunk.* "I beg your pardon, sir—but there is one thing I should like to mention at once. I am afraid—a—that I am expected to attend the party."  
*Guest.* "Oh dear, no! There must be some mistake; I always clean them myself—and if you will leave your shirt for a moment I will give them a polish at the same time."



FLUNKIANA.

SCENE—A PUBLIC-HOUSE, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE MAYOR OF BURY TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

*Charles Foot and a worthy inquires of London Footman.* "PRAY SIR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR TOWN? A NICE PLACE, AIN'T IT?"  
*London Footman, who is exceedingly tipsy.* "WELL, JESSE, I THINK YOUR TOWN WILL DOUGH. IT'S CLEAN; YOUR STREETS ARE HAIRY; AND YOU'VE LOTS OF BEERS. BUT I DON'T LIKE YOUR CHAMPAGNE; IT'S ALL GUMWATER!"



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BUZZBOTTLE.



*Says Mr. Foot.* "I SAY, CHARLES, THAT'S A LEVINSON. LITTLE THING ALONG, O THAT DAY EATED WOMAN WHEN TAKEN TO THE BLACK-AND-BLACKING SHOP!"





ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR (CLOSE WEATHER.



FISHING OFF BRIGHTON.

"OH YES! IT'S VERY EASY TO SAY 'CATCH HOLD OF IT.'"



DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Domestic.* "HERE'S MISS BRADSHAW, MUM, HAS JUST COME, SHE'S ONE UPSTAIRS, MUM.  
*Angelo.* "OH, VIA! WELL, I WILL."  
*Edwin.* "BRADSHAW!" WHO'S THE DEUCE IS MISS BRADSHAW?"  
*Angelo.* "OH, IT'S NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE, PEAR—SHALL I GIVE YOU SOME MUST  
 TEA, LEAN?"  
*Edwin.* "YES; BUT WHO'S MISS BRADSHAW?" WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHO MISS  
 BRADSHAW IS?"  
*Angelo.* "LAW! EDWIN! IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S—IT'S—TH—THE *Dressmaker*."



Country Friend to Spoken by One from Town. "WELL, SAID, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE A CAPITAL DAY. YOU SEE THE FROST IS JUST—"



FLUNKIANA.

*Domestic.* "YOU WISH TO LEAVE—REALLY IT'S VERY INCONVENIENT. PEAR—HAVE YOU ANY REASON TO BE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR PLACE?"  
*Edwin.* "OH, DEAR NO, MA'AM. NOT DISSATISFIED EXACTLY; BUT—THE FACT IS, MA'AM, YOU DON'T KEEP A VEHICLE, AND I FIND I MUST  
 EARN 'EM."





AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMAN.

"WHAT A LUCK! JUST LIKE MY LUCK. SO SOONER HAVE I GOT MY TACKLE REPAIRED, AND SETTLED DOWN TO A FISH, THAN THERE COMES A CONFIDENT DIT!"



A SELL.

*Enter SPORTING YOUTH who has lost the Lounds.*

Youth, "SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE, PINKY?"  
Pinky, "EAS, A HAVE 'EM!" [Youth pays the tack-man and gallops on.]

*A lapse of twenty minutes is supposed to have taken place, when*



PLEASURES OF THE STUDIO.

AT THE BEGINNING OF APRIL, WHEN FAIRLY MOUNTED IN A CONSEQUENT, MR. BLAKE WHITT'S MODEL FOR HAMLET AT EARS WITH A BLACK EYE, WHICH HE DECLARES IS THE FRUIT OF INFERENCE.



*Re-enters SPORTING YOUTH.*

Youth (in a high state of excitement), "WHY, CONFOUND Y!" I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE."  
Pinkie, "EAS, A DID; SLED 'EM VESTERDAY!"



A SPORTING CHARACTER.

"ARE YOU GOING TO HANOT, BILL?"  
"WELL, YES, I'M GOING TO CHALLENGE THIS YOUNG FEMALE DOWN BY THE RAIL."



GROSS INSULT.

UNIVERSITY MAN HAVING SPENT A FEW DAYS IN TOWN AT THE END OF THEM IS ABOUT TO GO HOME.

*Enter WAITER.*

Waiter (in a low voice), "GIVE ME FOR THE BOTTLES, SIR."  
"GIVE ME THE MAN," says the University Man, "I'VE BEEN ASKING FOR HIM."





THE WORST OF EVENING PARTIES.

*Mr. Hall, this, are you going to the party to-night?*  
*Mr. Hall, no, it's a bore to me.*



FLUNKEIANA.

*Flunkie Man, "you like a ze flunkie, meek ear thins."*  
*John Thos. an, "par boodoo, nanzill par boodoo, I'm an in ze"*  
*accustomed to an party in town, that I'm a very little with*  
*greater town here."*



THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS DODGE

*Boys, "did you get the land's fry?"*  
*His Child, "all right."*  
*Boys, "well, now, run home and tell your mother not to put the*  
*spare of the fry."*



THE HONEYMOON.

*Alou-ou makes the tea for the first month of his marriage.*



EXCLUSIVELY POLITE.

*Well-set Man, "your horse seems a little impatient, sir. pray go first!"*





PLUNKETIANA.

*Plunket.* "SIXTY POUNDS A YEAR!" WHY, MAN, ARE YOU AWARE THAT SUCH A SUM IS MORE THAN IS FREQUENTLY GIVEN TO A CURATE?"  
*Plunket.* "OH, YES, SIR; BUT THEN YOU WOULD HARDLY, I HOPE, GO FOR TO COMPARE ME WITH THE INFERIOR ORDER OF CLERGY."



OYSTERS IN JUNE—DELICIOUS!

"O W, MY LITTLE MAN, HERE'S YOUR FINE NATIVE OYSTERS—A BITE!"

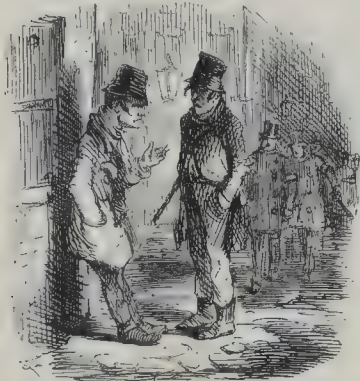
THE DERBY DAY.

THE "TUCID OLD CATTLE WHO CROSS THE COURSE AS THE RACE BEGINS."



DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Eden.* "NOW, UPON MY LIFE, ANGELINA, THIS IS TOO BAD—NO BUTTONS AGAIN!"  
*Angelina.* "WELL, MY DEAR, IT'S OF NO USE FIDGETING ME ABOUT IT. YOU MUST SPEAK TO MAM. YOU CAN'T IMPEL ME TO DO EVERYTHING."



THE GREAT TENTH OF APRIL, 1845.

"TALK OF INTERESTION TO BUSINESS! YU, I GIVE YU AN OLLER OF HUNGER. THU, WAT WITH THEM SPECIALS AN' THE FOLK AS SHU, I I AINE SO MUCH AS PRICED A SEVERE HANDEL-MAKER."  
*Mad.* "OH, IT'S EASY TO MAKE YU TERN RESISTANCE!"



THE GREAT TENTH OF APRIL, 1845.

"O W, MY LITTLE MAN, HERE'S YOUR FINE NATIVE OYSTERS—A BITE!"



A HEAVY BLOW.

*Mad.* "OH, IT'S EASY TO MAKE YU TERN RESISTANCE!"





THE RISING GENERATION.

*Harry (to Tom).* "THERE'S ONE GREAT BEE ABOUT A WATERBURY, ILLA B: T. IN  
SELL SUCH BEHOLD CIVILS."



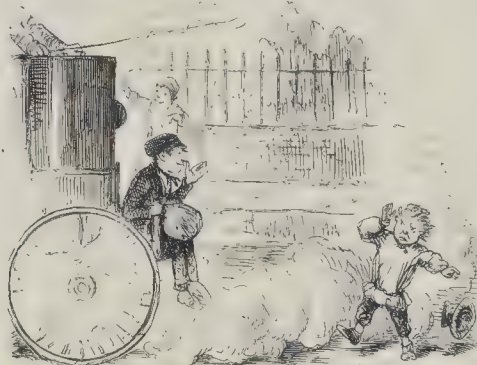
A GOOD SIZED FLOAT.

*Little Girl (to her mother).* "I SAY, MY OLD CUCKY, I HOPE THE FISH AINT VERY LARGE BY  
KAY-IT AND TADA!"  
*Father-in-law.* "WELL, I SHOULDN'T SAY AS THEY WAS WEETLY SMALL—WHEN WERE CILGED T' GO ON FLOATS  
AS THEN TO CIL FISHIN' T'WIST' BY AIN, CUCKY, AIN." (Goes on up.)



THE OPERA.

"PLEASE, SIR, GIVE US A LITTLE BIT OF THE AIN, AIN, AIN, AIN."



CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND



HOW TO DRESS A LOBSTER.

*Bob (to a man in a top hat).* "IF THE AINT A FORTY-FIVE AND OUT-OF-WEED  
HIS CLAW."



AN EXCLUSIVE.

*Enter Small Swell (who drinks as follows).* "A—BROWN, A—WANT SOME MORE  
"TAT!"  
*Swell.* "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU PLEASE TO WANT?"  
*Small Swell.* "A—LET MY SEE; A'LL HAVE EIGHT. A—NO, A'LL HAVE NINE;  
LOW HERE! A—WELL, WANT SOME THUNDER?"  
*Swell.* "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU LIKE?"  
*Small Swell.* "A—I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. ABOUT UP-AY TWENTY-FIVE  
TATTS, AND LOW HERE! SHE-W-EL SOME FATTERS THAT WENT HE WORN DA  
ANY ENDS!"





ARITHMETIC IN THE UNIVERSITY—SIGNS OF THE COMMISSION.

"I SAY, FRANK, MY BOY—IF THURCHILL'S AT 5 TO 2, AND BUSHELL AT 3 TO 1, WHAT'S THE BETTING AGAINST THE PAIR OF THEM?"  
"I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW—TAKE YOU 6 TO 1."



OYSTERS IN JUNE—DELICIOUS!

"A W, MY LITTLE MAN—HERE'S YOUR FINE NATIVES—ONLY 1.  
IF YOU A 100!"



THE GREAT TENTH OF APRIL, 1848.

THE LADY'S PREPARING FOR THE WOOD—TRYING HIS GENTLENESS  
IN THE FRYING-PAN.



FLUNKIANA.

Old Gen. "THOMAS, I HAVE ALWAYS PLACED THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN YOU. NOW TELL ME, THOMAS, HOW IS IT THAT MY LUTHER'S BILLS ARE SO LARGE, AND THAT I ALWAYS HAVE SUCH BAD DINNERS?"  
Thomas. "REALLY, SIR, I DON'T KNOW, BUT I AM SURE WE NEVER HAVE ANYTHING MORE IN THE KITCHEN THAT WE DON'T ALWAYS SEND SOME OF IT UP INTO THE HALL LADY."



LITTLE BOY HAS A MESSAGE—ALARMING RESULT



SMITH IS A "BIRD OF THE FEATHERS" AND A  
BETTER FROM THE FEATHERS



AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER IN AN  
INFANT PRODIGY.

THE "MAYOR" OF THE "MAYOR"



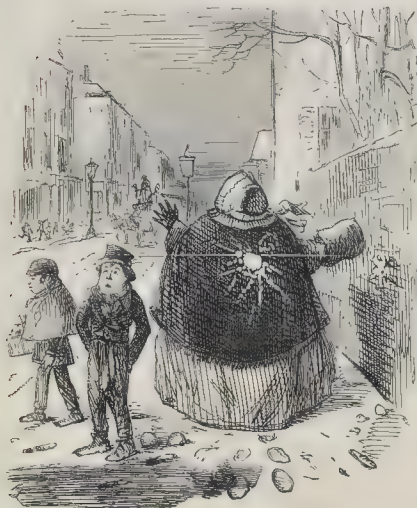


HUNTING MEMORANDUM.—APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED  
A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT !!

\* &c. &c. REPRESENT SPARKS OF DIVERS BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.



PROBABLE RESULT OF THE COCHIN CHINA FOWL MANIA.



SNOW FLAKES.—No. 1.

"I haven't seen no one throw no snowballs, sir!"



SNOW FLAKES.—No. 2.

LOL. HERE'S A JOLLY SLIDE, CUT AWAY, YOUNG 'UN. IT'S ALL SERENE!"



SNOW FLAKES No. 2

Part 1      "AND, IT, I WASN'T A HEAVIN AT YOU—I WAS HEAVIN  
AT BILLY JONES."





THE BIRTHDAY.

*Alfred (after a short reflection)* "WHY, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A I SHOULD LIKE A TESTAMENT AND A A AND A I, I CAN WH I SHOULD LIKE A SCOUT!"



BECOMING.

*Enrico.* "WHAT DO YOU THINK, DEAR GRAN'MA? THE LADIES IN PARIS WEAR THEIR HAIR TAKEN OFF THE FOREHEAD AND SPINKLED WITH SILVER!"

*Grandmother.* "DO THEY, INDEED? WELL, MY DARLING, SO LONG AS THEY ARE RESPECTABLE THERE CAN BE NO HARM IN OPEN LOOKS."



### THE HAT MOVING EXPERIMENT.

(N) *The Participant, with the Mediator, thanks that in the present of Steward's end, possibly the experience will be over and over and*



DISCERNMENT.

Char. Child. "OH! DO I LOOK BLUF. MAMMA FEAR, SUCH A FUNNY THING! MR. BOKER'S  
 GOT ANOTHER FOREHEAD AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD." [BOKER is delighted]



A FALSE POSITION.

*I danced (who is not ever sitting in his boat, or from on his legs), "D-D-D-E-E-WAITTIN'-FIVE--MAAF-Y-U-GIDDY-BECLUSE, I-HAIL-PE-JAFFY-TU-SIT-I-WX WIFNEVER-YOULE TIME!"*

*And who is in high dancing could town. "OH, YEAS, ? -I COULD WALTZ ALL NIGHT"*





THE CONSCIENTIOUS STABLEKEEPER

*Gent. (who meditates a ride), "HALLO! WHY, COMPOUND IT, THAT'S MY SADDLE HORSE, ISN'T IT?"*  
*Fly-Man. "YES, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT; MASTER SAYS YOU'D WERRY PARTIALER AD-OUT 'AVIN' - 'I'M IMPRESSED FEELIN' - SO WE PUTS 'EM INTO THE BROOM WHEN YOU AIN'T OUT A RIDIN'!"*



DOMESTIC SANITARY REGULATIONS.



A HACK FOR THE DAY.

*Stable-Keeper (to little Gent.), "SEE TO KICKING, AND THEN DOLTED INTO A SHOP! DID HE, NOW! AH! HE ALWAYS WAS A LIGHT-ARTED 'SKEE."*



A PICTURE.

*SHOWING WHAT MASTER TOM DID AFTER SEEING A PICTURE-MINUTE-BUT YOU WOULD NOT DO SO-ON DEALING IN PICTURES YOU ARE A GOOD-BUY.*





SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MIS-USES?

*Servant Gal.* "WELL, MAM—EVERYTHING CONSIDERED—I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T LET ME. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SET UP ON MYSELF; AND I COULDN'T GO NOWHERE WHERE TO GO AIN'T A WOMAN REE!"



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MIS-USES?

*Old Lady.* "WHAT IS IT, BOY?"

*Boy.* "PLEASE 'M, IT'S A PAIR OF WHITE SATIN SHOES, AND THE LADY'S FAN WOT'S BEEN MENDED. NAME OF MISS JULIA TEARLASH!"

*Old Lady.* "MIS. JULIA?"

*Voice from Above.* "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAM. IT'S ME!"



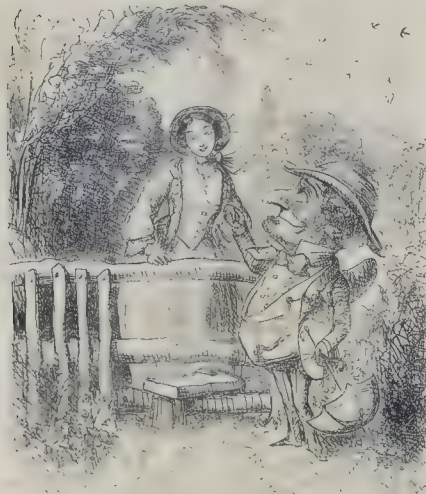
SERVANTGALISM,

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MIS-USES.

*Servant Gal.* (who has quarrelled with her for the last time) "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I FIND THERE'S NO MEAT FOR DINNER IN THE KITCHEN DID YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT IT?"

*Lady.* "OF COURSE I EXPECT YOU TO EAT IT, AND AN EXCELLENT DINNER, TOO."

*Servant.* "OH, THEN, IF YOU PLEASE, M, I SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS DAY MORNING."



THE RISING GENERATION AT THE SEASIDE

*Augustus.* "ISN'T IT JOLLY, FRANK BEING DOWN HERE FOR THE HOLIDAYS?"

*Incipient Swell.* "H'M! PRETTY WELL FOR THAT. I CONFESS I MISS THE QUIET OF TOWN."



MAY DAY.

LISTENING FORTUNE OF A SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN, WHO WAS ABOUT TO GIVE HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE GREAT LADY OF THE SEASIDE.





THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.—HOSPITALITY.

Officer, "WELL, BUT LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW; WHY A T T P ALL NIGHT!



THE GREENWICH DINNER. A CONVIVIAL MOMENT.

*th. than (under the influence of White's D.O.).* "WELL, OLD FELLA—RECOLLECT I BRESHENT COMPANY LIME HERE WITH ME EVERY MONDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY FRIDAY, SUNDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY MIND AN' DON' FORGET—I SAY WHAT A GOOD FELLA YOU ARE GREATEST STEEN AND REQUID FOR YET, OLD FELLA!"



THE NEW BONNET.

*Prophetic.* "THERE, NOW, HOW VERY PROGRESSIVE I'VE LEFT THE FAVOUR BOOKS AT HOME!"  
*Mr. A.* "WELL, THAT SEEMS HIM! BUT I TELL ME, IS MY FAVOUR STRAIGHT?"



A GREAT MENTAL EFFORT.

*That's a good night.* "WHAT A MIND KEEPER TIF, OWANK. HOW THE DRESS IN THE MIND!"  
*Mr. A.* "WELL, THAT SEEMS HIM! BUT I TELL ME, IS MY FAVOUR STRAIGHT?"



A SON AND HEIR.

*Sweetest Man.* "H W MANY OF US ARE THERE! WHY, IF YOU COUNT THE GIRLS, THERE ARE SIX—BUT SOME PEOPLE DON'T COUNT THE GIRLS.—I'N OWN."



CRUEL.

"REMEMBER THE STEWARD—HE, IF YOU PLEASE."





HOW No. 4 ENJOYED HIMSELF.

AND



THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—CAB HORSE  
JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

*Old Gent.* "NOW THEN, DRIVER, WAS THE MATTER?"  
*Cabman.* "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR. HONKY A LITTLE? FRESH, SIR?"





SPECIAL CONSTABLE GOING ON DUTY, APRIL 10, 1848.

*Te—Two in the Morning.*

Cap. *the Beat.* "OH! WE HAVE JUST OKED IN TO SAY THAT IT IS YOUR TURN TO GO ON DUTY. THE ROOKER *THE BACK OF SLAUGHTER'S AR* IS YOUR BEAT, I BELIEVE. YOU WILL LOSE NO TIME, IF YOU PLEASE, *A DREADFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD* AND ALL THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN—INDEED, SEVERAL MOST BRU *SAVAGE ATTACKS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ALREADY!*"





HOW No. 4 ENJOYED HIMSELF.

AND



HOW No. 8 SUFFERED IN CONSEQUENCE





# ELEGANT HABIT!

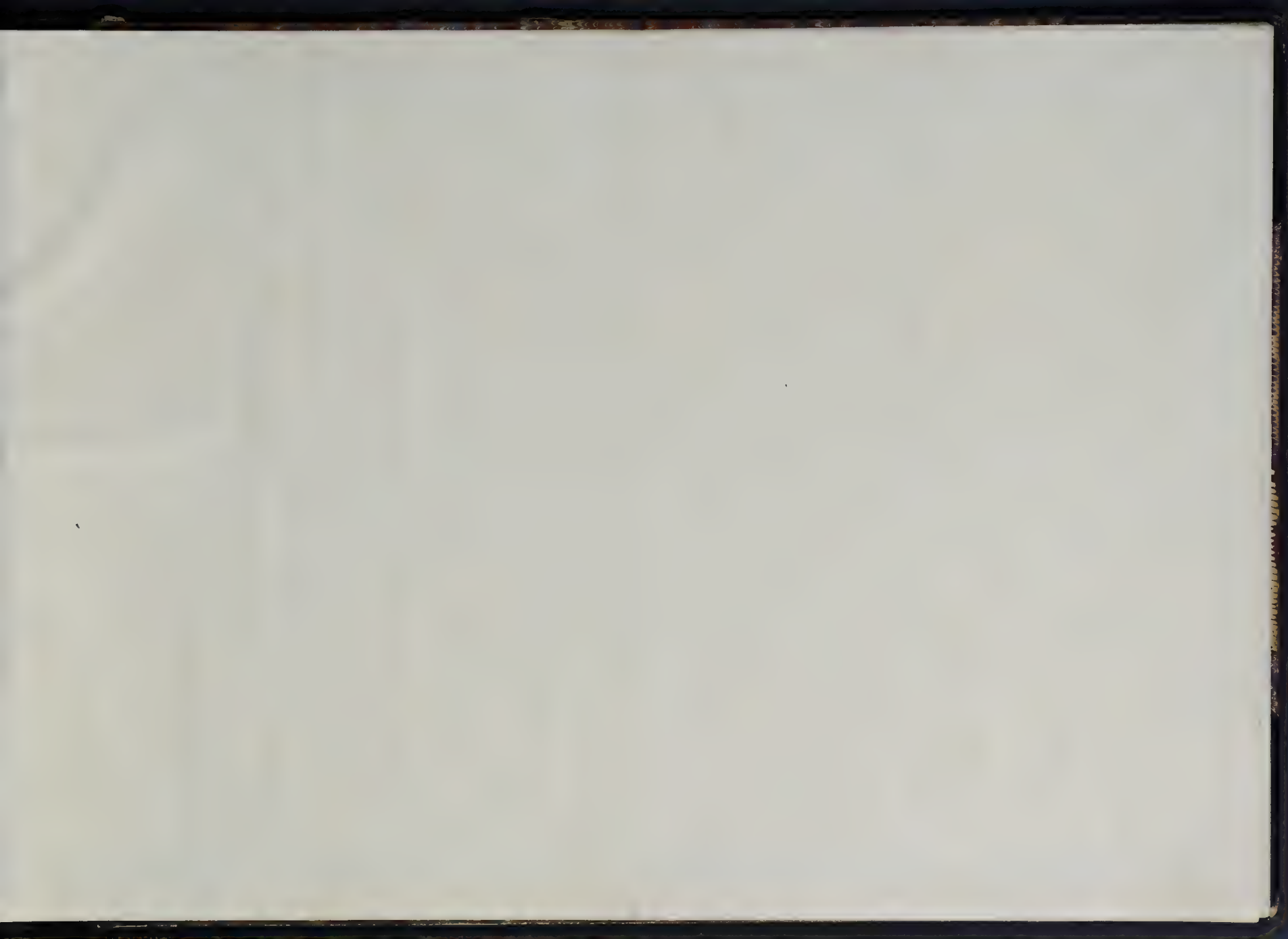
*Mamma.* "FREDERICK, DO PRAY TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!"

*Frederick.* "I COULDN'T DO IT, MAMMA, DEAR; ALL OUR MEN AT CAMBRIDGE WEAR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS, AND I COULDN'T DISGRACE MY COLLEGE BY TAKING THEM OUT!!"

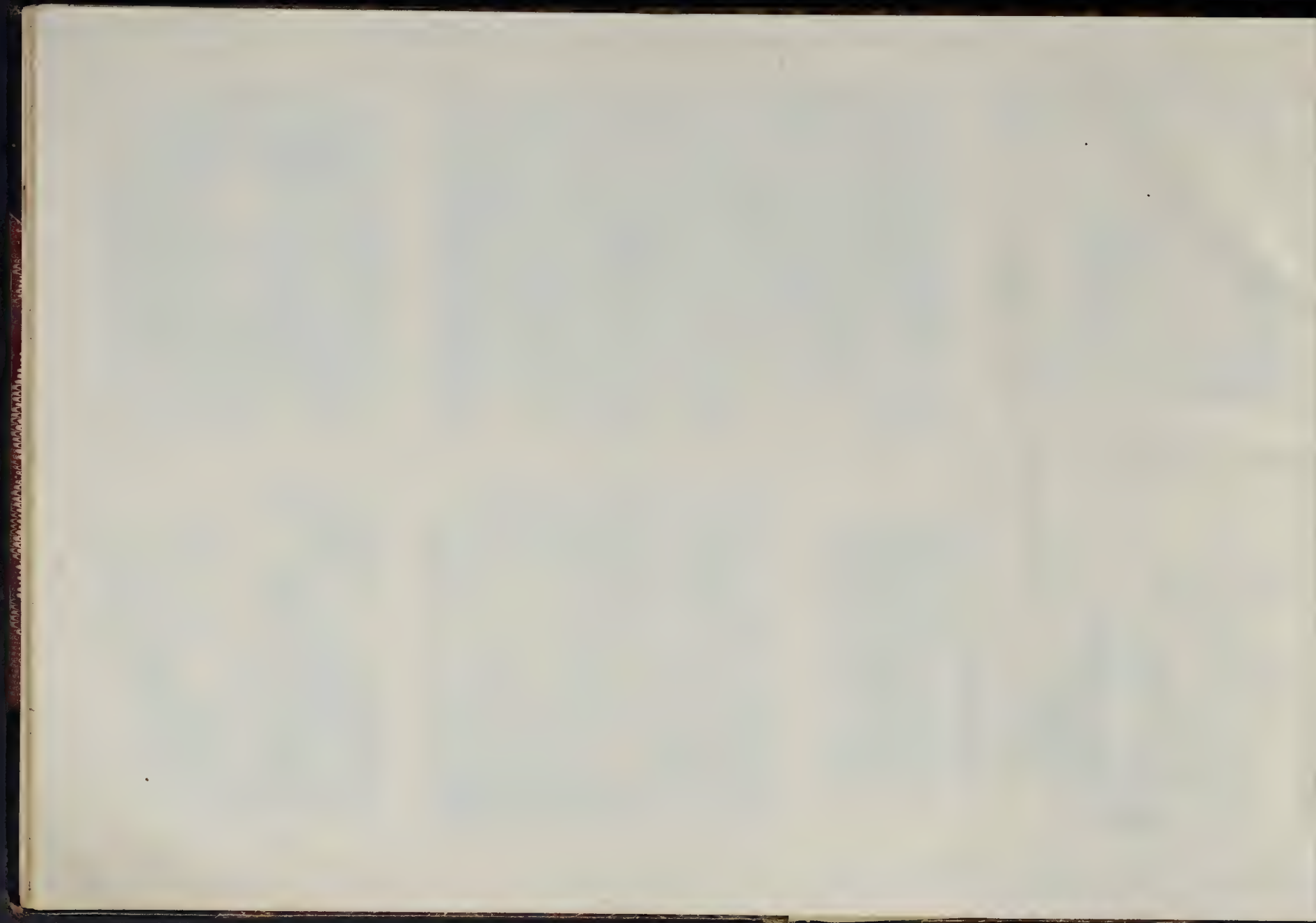


STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE LAST OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

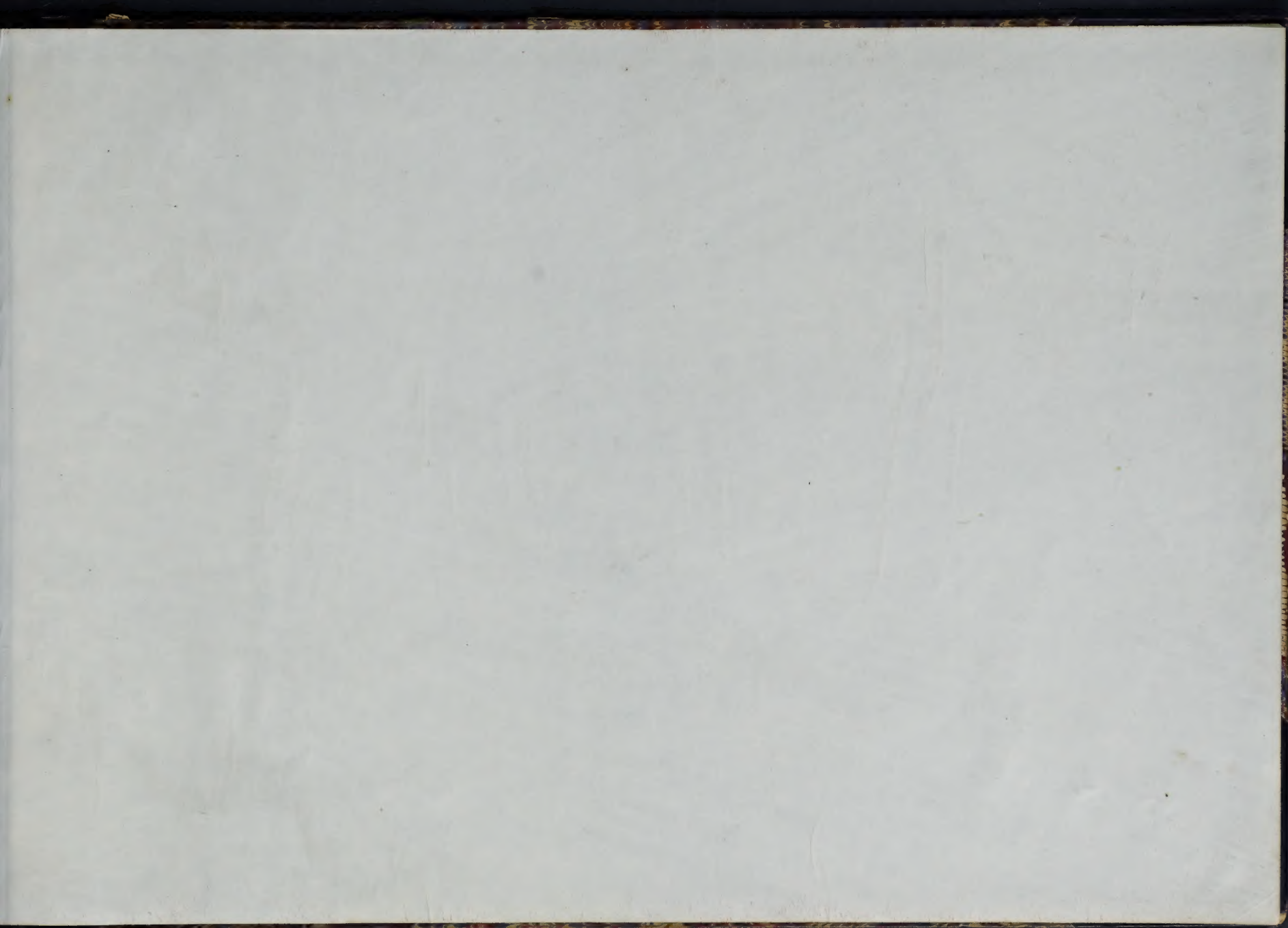














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